

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

An Advocate of Universal Religion and a Co-worker with all Free Churches.

Seventeenth Year.

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Editorial

*"Who knows most, doubts most; entertaining
hope,
Means recognizing fear; the keener sense
Of all comprised within our actual scope
Recoils from aught beyond earth's dim and dense.
Who, grown familiar with the sky, will grope
Henceforward among groundlings? That's
offense
Just as indubitably: stars abound
O'erhead, but then—what flowers make glad
the ground!"*

Robert Browning.

IN *Light on the Way* for July there is a little picture of Manchester College, Oxford, the English Unitarian theological school. It is an attractive building.

To assume the assistant pastorate with Dr. Stebbins, of San Francisco, Cal., was a responsibility so great that even the Rev. William Greenleaf Eliot, Jr., of apostolic descent, did not dare assume it alone, so his friends will be glad to know that he has taken into his confidence, his co-operation and his life, Miss Minna Charlotte Sessinghaus, of St. Louis. Henceforth there will be two of them and these two will be one. UNITY extends its congratulations to the happy couple.

A SUMMER CONGRESS OF CIVICS, with a very full and interesting program, is to be held at Lake Bluff, Ill., thirty miles north of Chicago, from August 18 to August 27, inclusive. It will be held under the auspices of the Columbian College of Citizenship, full information as to which may be obtained by sending to 1307 Chamber of Commerce,

Chicago, for its organ, *The Good Citizen*. If competent men lead the discussion on the topics mentioned in the program the occasion will be an important one, and the opportunities of instruction valuable. The names of the speakers have not yet been announced.

IN the July number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Mr. John Graham Brooks sums up a careful and moderate article on "The Future Problem of Charity and the Unemployed" with the following recommendations:

1. EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS distributed over country and city districts, with investigation so organized that it can do its work before it is too late to manage the applicants.
2. ADEQUATE GRADED WORK TESTS that shall convince the public that the applicant has been taken fairly at his word and offered what he claims to be seeking,—work. Such work tests separate the "beat" in every variety from those for whom something may be done, because of the will to do something.
3. TRADE SCHOOLS (agriculture included) to which those can be sent who have accepted the tests and proved the willingness, but lack of skill and capacity.
4. PLACES OF DISCIPLINE AND TRAINING (farm colonies and workshops) to which those who are able but deliberately refuse to work can be sent as to a prison, where they shall be kept until they prove their willingness and ability to earn an honest livelihood.

Mr. Brooks is a man of large experience and wide reading, and his recommendations seem to us wise; but the *spirit* of the article referred to is worth more than the mere suggestions, good though they be, and we heartily recommend that it be read by all students of social science.

IN the same number of the *Annals* is a careful and scholarly examination of the law of conspiracy in its application to labor difficulties, under the title "Peaceable Boycotting," in which Mr. Chester A. Reed makes a strong plea for the substitution of the present, more liberal English rule for the oppressive construction of the law of conspiracy which has prevailed in the American courts. This journal contains much of interest both for the practical philanthropist and for the theoretical student of social and political science. More in the line of the latter is Mr. C. W. Macfarlane's discussion of surplus value under the title of "Rent and Profit," and Mr. J. L. Brownell's "Significance of a Decreasing Birth-Rate," which incidentally shows by statistics the falsity of the Malthusian theory as applied to the United States.

WE have recently received the twentieth annual report of the Boys and Girls Aid Society of San Francisco, Cal., kindly sent to us by Mr. Chas. A. Murdock, the acting presi-

dent, and from it we learn that this society has been making an effort to substitute homes for institutions in the care of its charges, but has not been entirely successful. During the year ending June 1, 1894, 537 children were in the hands of the society, of whom 95 were left in the society's "Home" May 31, 1894. This large number is partly accounted for by the fact that the society agreed with the city to take charge, for a period of six months, of juvenile offenders who might otherwise be sent to the State Reform School. The society also agreed to do what it could toward teaching the rudiments of a trade to those so committed, and instruction has been given in carpentering, tailoring, shoe-making and writing. The boys have had military drill. In addition to its regular work, the society also maintains a free employment bureau for boys and girls, a day and evening school, classes in singing, reading-rooms and a library.

Editorial Correspondence.

It is perhaps well, for other than vacation reasons, that the readers of UNITY should be treated to an occasional season of silence on the part of the Senior Editor. They may say of him, as Wordsworth said of the world, "too much with us—late and soon." It is good for readers and editor to have a chance to take account of stock, to eliminate all personalities, to measure principles, independent of time and persons. Thus we will be better able to judge where we are, what we are for, what we would like to do.

This wholesome and healing silence will not be disturbed probably by a little gossip from Tower Hill. Notwithstanding the drought and the intense heat that accompanied it a part of the time, Tower Hill has been an attractive shelter more sought after this year than ever before. Our little colony had reached about forty souls some weeks ago. One new cottage has been reared and several tents gleam prettily through the green. Tomorrow, Sunday the 5th, we go to the Lone Rock Grove Meeting, which is the introduction to the Institute, the regular work of which begins on Monday morning. Brothers Gould and Crooker are already on the ground. Mrs. Woolley and the Van Sluyters of Decorah, Ia., arrive tonight. Mrs. Gibb of Janesville and Mrs. Loomis of the missionary circuit of Richland Center come into camp Monday. These with the three resident dominies, F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., pastor at Hillside, Mr. Allen, who for a considerable portion of the last year has been his substitute and associate at school and

chapel, and "ye Senior" at the Hill, will make nine ministers in regular attendance at the Institute, beside the regular lay attendance, the unexpected constituency that may arrive, and the line of lecturers from the State University and elsewhere, which will come and go. In this list appears the name of the gallant General Fairchild, the hero of the iron brigade, who left an arm at Gettysburg, Professors Frankenburger and Flint, loyal helpers of the society at Madison, Mr. Thwaites, secretary of the State Historical Society, a man who is laying the foundations of a fame in his chosen field of local and contemporary history, and Mrs. Florence G. Buckstaff, of the UNITY staff, who for this and other reasons is already more than half—would she were altogether—a recognized minister of the liberal faith she represents. Although she longed for "abundant showers" have not yet arrived, the first great thirst has been broken. The weather has turned cool so that the call for more blankets has taken the place of the panting heat that made the thermometer the chief subject of discussion.

There might be further items of gossip indulged in, such as the "science class" that has met in the Emerson Pavilion after dinner to quietly study the flora of the neighborhood and to discuss the mystery of obvious things—a bumblebee, wasp, snake, or the song of the Whip-poor-will—in a truly scientific spirit, *i. e.* with the object in hand, or its equivalent. This little experiment has been another demonstration of the fact that the most commonplace patch of ground offers any thoughtful mind material enough to interest in common study the five-year-old and the professor.

There has been the usual spirit of excursion at work in a mild way. Pedestrian adventures to the top of "Sugar Loaf" and neighboring heights, an afternoon ride to "Percussion Rock" and "Deer Shelter," an evening's reception at the Hillside Home School; but in the main we spend our time quietly, perhaps too indolently, waiting for the tides to come in. We have not been indifferent to the strain and agitation of the month, and at this distance, in full view of the calm flow of the silent river, it has not been difficult to preserve a sympathetic poise and philosophic pity for both sides. All parties concerned deserve more charitable estimates than they are likely to receive for the present at the hands of a public which is prone to fall into two parties whose judgments are too partisan to be righteous.

Of the cause we have most at heart, there is little to be said. The little chapel at Hillside, after a successful year of work by Mr. Hugenholtz and Mr. Allen, the latter occupying the pulpit and teaching the classes of Mr. Hugenholtz during the winter months, which for health reasons were spent by Mr. and Mrs. Hugenholtz in California, is closed for vacation. Pleasant Sunday services are held on Sunday afternoons in the Emerson Pavilion at Tower Hill. A goodly number of people from this countryside join with the Tower Hill colony in worship and study. These next two weeks will bring together

several directors of the Liberal Congress, and this will probably bring some non-official consultation. Plans for the autumn campaign will be discussed, but it is unnecessary to anticipate.

From the serenity of Tower Hill we send greetings to all the readers, invoking the peace that brings courage and the rest that will make for activity, an activity that will ripen into usefulness.

J. LL. J.

The Labor Problem.

It is pleasing to see "Patriot's" confidence in the wage-earning class shown by the fact that in his contribution to the present issue of UNITY he turns to them rather than to the employing class for the public-spirited action which shall revive business. Doubtless the former class, being so large a majority, is, as a body, more anxious for the good of the whole people than is the capitalist class, as such; for the latter is a comparatively small minority, and the interests of its members seem quite often to be opposed to those of the people as a whole. Yet we hope our friend "Patriot" will not despair of the capitalists, for, though they may be less willing than the laborers to take good advice on the subject of the maintenance of business, they are better able to carry that advice into effect than are those who control nothing but their bodily labor, and too often exercise very little independent control over that. If we can teach the capitalist class that the trusts and lockouts and "combines" which limit the output in a certain industry so as to force the price to the highest notch at which the people will continue to buy, always limit the demand for the special thing in question, and, by throwing some out of work and diminishing the surplus income of others, eventually diminish the demand for all kinds of goods, and thus depress trade and lead to the abandonment of other industries and general business stagnation,—if, we say, we can impress this upon the well-to-do classes, we shall accomplish more for industry and prosperity than we can hope to by merely teaching laborers the undoubted industrial evils of strikes.

But we do not wonder that "Patriot" depairs of teaching this lesson to the rich; for those directly concerned are almost sure to reply that what we say may be very true in the long run and at large, but that, in the meantime, while this business depression resulting from their methods is coming to a focus, they, individually, are reaping rich harvests, and that they are willing to take their chances of feathering their nests before the crash comes. "After me the deluge!" It is the same spirit of short-sighted selfishness which prompts the member of a strong trade union to say that even if business at large is depressed, and his less well-organized fellow wage-earners suffer in consequence, nevertheless *he* will get what he wants by his action; and if other laborers are too independent, or too scattered, or too poor and ignorant to combine as

he and his fellows have done, so much the worse for them.

Furthermore—and this is harder for us to answer—the striker may say, in "Patriot's" own words, that after all "the deepest issue is not one of pay, but of liberty;" not a question of active business and large production, out of which large wages may easily be paid, but of a reasonable standard of living, the freedom to be men in the larger sense of the word, with hours short enough and wages high enough to release them from the bondage of being human machines and enable them to give some time to the non-productive side of life. If this cannot be, and normal rates of interest be paid on the capital invested, then they are willing that the normal rates of interest shall be reduced, even though this means less surplus saved for use as capital and therefore less wealth, less business activity, and less rapid progress in the arts and sciences. The laboring men have a conviction—and one that is shared in a measure by men of larger information than themselves—that the fundamental problem is not one of production, but of distribution; that in any legitimate business a sufficient living wage *can* be paid for efficient labor, even in hard times; and that if a sufficiently wide combination of wage workers is made such wage *will* be paid and the business will go on, even though interest on capital and the wages of superintendence have to be considerably reduced. They argue that if capital cannot get large interest, it will accept small returns rather than remain idle and go without any, and that so soon as capitalists get used to these smaller returns they will work as hard and save as carefully in order to get less productive capital as they do now for more productive capital. And as regards the entrepreneur, they argue that the man of large executive ability finds so much natural satisfaction in the exercise of the faculties in which he excels, that his services would not be lost to society even though he got but half his present rate of reward therefor; that like the poet that must sing, and like George Eliot's "Garth" whose nature compelled him to attend to "business," whether or not there was large pecuniary reward, so the really valuable captains of industry will conduct the business of the world whether their incomes be \$500,000 a year or \$50,000, or even \$5,000; that the natural organizers and administrators and inventors will organize and administer and invent as opportunity offers, and that it is not with them primarily a question of pecuniary reward.

What the laboring man, and particularly the striker, fails to consider, however, is that while all this may be true, the fact is that the laboring men and women are *not* widely organized; that, indeed, the larger and poorer paid classes and the skilled laborers in small places are hardly organized at all; and that therefore labor organizations cannot at present compel a general rise in wages or reduction of hours, but at most can only do this for the highest and best organized classes of workmen in a given district, and

that the effect of this is generally to make the less skillful and unorganized laborers suffer even more, since the iron law of competition leads the employer to recoup his diminished income by paying less to these helpless ones. And another thing that the wage-earner fails to consider is that many of the businesses which give employment to organized laborers were not established and are not maintained in response to a legitimate, steady demand, but that often all or part of their products are forced upon the market because of some temporary or local conditions, and that these conditions will be interfered with by any considerable disturbance; and that in such case a strike—whether in the given business or in one outside it which is of sufficient magnitude to affect general trade to even a slight degree—will almost surely destroy the given business in whole or in part and thus throw large numbers of men out of employment. If the workman replies that such enterprises ought to die, we must agree with him; but if they are suddenly destroyed thousands of men and women are brought to destruction with them, so that, while a more stable industrial system is taking the place of an unhealthy one, men and women are dying of starvation.

One lesson from all this seems to be that the well-organized laborers can at present generally help themselves and wage-earners at large, not by spending their resources on strikes, but by spending them in organizing the unorganized. If the employers of men who strike did not know that there were a sufficient number of men in the country either wholly unemployed or employed at such low wages that they would be glad to take the strikers' places, they would not, in most cases, resist the strikers twenty-four hours. It is to the organization and the betterment of the condition of this class that the trade unions should turn their attention. If the union men selfishly conclude that their business is simply to better their own condition, they will generally find in the day of trial that their neglected fellows defeat their best-laid plans. It will not do for them to attempt intimidation and violence, for the neutral public will not endure that. will not have violence, and it feels that the "scab" is right when it comes to a pinch. His first duty is to his own wife and little ones, and even if by taking a striker's place he causes a righteous movement to fail, he cannot let his children suffer for bread while the strikers play dog in the manger. To him half a loaf is better than no bread, and he will be protected in earning that half loaf. Even though half these "scabs" be "bums," the fact that some are always honest men in need of work will give to the whole class a large measure of public sympathy. And this is as it should be.

It all comes to that deep ethical and religious truth that "no man liveth to himself alone." The short-sighted selfish man who tries to live for self alone will surely suffer for it. If you would help yourself, you must help others, help those weaker than

yourself. If the employers would really care for the well-being of the brother men in their employ, the stability of their business would more than make up to them any temporary shrinkage of profits; and if the organized laborers would help their weaker, unorganized brothers to become like themselves, they would succeed in every just attempt to improve their own condition.

F. W. S.

Contributed and Selected

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear,
This sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm,
The cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again,
Tho' we may call and call;
The strange white solitude of peace
That settles over all.

We know not what it means dear,
This desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way
And walk in it again;
We know not to what other
Sphere the loved who leaves us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still,
Nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should
come this day—

Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us
could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed
is the thought;

"Lo, death is sweet to us, beloved, tho' we may tell ye
naught;

We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or
intent;

So those who enter death must go as little children
sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead,
And as life is to the living, death so is to the dead.

Mary Mapes Dodge.*

*Reprinted by request from Vol. IX of Stedman's Library of
American Literature.)

Wages and Labor Unions.

The organization of the new "American Labor Union" raises the question, What should be the aim of such and of all trade unions? The leading aim usually is to raise wages. This is also the right aim, from the laborer's standpoint, which is of course the true standpoint for such an organization. The chief object of a labor union should be to increase wages.

But in order to attain this object it must be joined to another which is still more fundamental, but which labor unions are apt to ignore altogether. In order to increase wages, or even to keep them from decreasing, it is first of all necessary to secure the conditions upon which good wages depend. Those conditions lie further back in the realm of business. Whether wages shall be high or low, depends almost entirely on the state of business, and if that state is not favorable, no labor union can bring them the least permanent help.

If business is brisk, it raises wages by increasing the demand for labor. It raises them still more by setting at work the unemployed, and so stopping that competition with these which the workers otherwise have to suffer. This increase of people who are getting employment and pay, makes them able

to buy more, and so brings still further activity to business, which thus in turn furnishes still more work and pays still higher wages.

But if any disorder or distrust disturbs this industrial activity, wages at once suffer by it. Less work is furnished, and even if the same rate of wages is paid, it is paid to fewer people, and many are thrown out of employment. These then have to compete with the employed, and in their inevitable eagerness to work for less, they reduce the rate of wages. Worse yet, by their inability to buy as before, they decrease the demand for many articles, and one industry after another has to check or suspend its activity, thus throwing still more out of employment. So business grows worse and worse, in widening circle, employing ever fewer workmen and paying those ever lower wages, until a favorable turn increases its activity again.

Thus wages are most intimately dependent on the condition of business, just as a tree is upon its roots. This condition determines them by laws which no legislature can alter, no organization evade. If business is sufficiently active, wages will rise, and no combination of capitalists can prevent it. If business becomes dull, they will fall, and no labor union can stop it. The wise labor union will see this connection, and never for a moment separate these two interests. While working chiefly for the improvement of wages, it will do this mainly through the improvement of business, and certainly will never be so suicidal as to do anything which will in the least check the industrial activity.

Here is where most labor unions make a mistake. They forget the business side of the problem, and think they can raise wages without it. They combine to demand more wages without trying to make business better, and sometimes order a strike to make it worse. If business is so bad that many are unemployed and eager to take the abandoned work and wages, the labor union shows the sincerity of its professed sympathy for these poor brothers by calling them "scabs" and stoning them away. Oftenest the strikers fail to get their wages increased, and sometimes even lose their former places and pay. But even if they succeed in frightening away the unemployed applicants, and forcing their employers to pay more than the profits afford, it is seldom a real and abiding success, and the damage they do to business will in the end work against them.

This has been abundantly illustrated the last year. The business stagnation made profits small or none, and thousands were thrown out of work. The great problem of the winter was how to furnish work for the "unemployed," and the people who had work at even low wages were considered fortunate. The one great need was the revival of industrial activity, and it was of all years the one in which workmen should have been most willing to aid this revival. Yet it has been the very year in which labor unions have done most to block business, to abandon their own work and brutally keep others from taking it, to increase the unemployed whom others were trying to help, and to bring more industrial stagnation and starvation. A prominent writer in the *May Forum*, speaking of the inactivity in New York, especially in the building trades, said:

I do not hesitate to assert that the principal cause is the action of the trade unions. It is their deliberate purpose to prevent any man from building a house unless he employs in every detail of the work trade-union laborers, and them only; unless he pays them such wages as they ask, for such an amount of work and of such quality as they choose to perform; and unless the materials used have been produced under the same conditions. The evidence justi-

fies the conclusion that private employers have work to offer, and that a great part of the lack of employment in New York is due to the fact that certain workmen refuse to work unless their wages are practically raised at a time when profits are declining, while they, at the same time, prevent others from doing the work which they refuse.

Since then the same evil has been seen on a far vaster scale. In the Great Northern Railroad strike; men getting good wages, for the times, not only deranged business for weeks, but stopped travel and committed much violence. In the great mining strikes, they hesitated not to stop the supply of coal, and various industries depending on it, and to turn districts into a state of war. In the recent troubles, the A. R. U. openly professed its aim to conquer by paralyzing business, and really sought to do it by starving and terrorizing the public. So far as the new "American Labor Union" shall follow these principles, it will try to produce these evils on a still more ruinous scale. In all these cases alike, aside from the violence, we see the same attempt to solve the labor problem by ignoring its most important element,—to increase wages by killing the business from which they come. It is like an attempt to improve the life of a tree by cutting off its roots, or to increase the flow of a fountain by stopping up the pipe.

But if trade unions will widen their view to see also the other side, they will not only escape this criticism and deserve and receive universal sympathy, but do far more for their own cause. If they will seek to improve wages, not by destroying, but by aiding the business upon which wages depend, they will gain what they wish sooner and more permanently. If the "American Labor Union" would but avoid strikes and boycotts, and unite all possible labor organizations in an effort to restore confidence and quicken industrial activity, they would not only increase their own wages in the surest way, but extend work and wages to the great "army of the unemployed," who are the real sufferers and the most important party to be considered in the hard times.

PATRIOT.

Since writing the above, UNITY has come with comments on my former ironical communication on "The Crops." The editor is right in supposing it was not at all deficient in sympathy. I have abundant sympathy for the poor and oppressed. For this reason, I have most this year for the many thousands who have lost their work and wages by the business depression, and are even mobbed if they try to help their families and the public by taking abandoned work. I have no sympathy whatsoever with their oppressors—whether these be employers cutting down their wages, or strikers keeping them away from wages altogether. I have sympathy with all movements for aiding the poor, but none at all with the disorder which only prolongs their poverty. What is wanted is not a general business paralysis or war to help a few poorly-paid workmen at Pullman, but a prosperity which shall bring pay to the thousands who are getting none at all. And the deepest issue is not one of pay, but of liberty,—whether a labor union shall enslave its own members and persecute workmen outside of it, or whether every man shall keep his freedom to labor on such terms as he may see fit to make.

P.

"What's the matter, Tom? You haven't been yourself for three days!" "Well, the truth is, Bodgers gave us such a good dinner on Tuesday that I ate without thinking, and since then I've been thinking without eating."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Flower Mission In Chicago.

Nineteen years ago, Mrs. J. B. T. Marsh, whose name we delight to honor, read of the work of the Flower Mission. She was at once imbued with the feeling that great good could be accomplished through the distribution of flowers in the crowded districts of Chicago. With the magazine containing the suggestion of a Flower Mission in her hand, she went from one to another of her neighbors, saying "Let us organize a Flower Mission." An informal meeting was held at her house, and the work was inaugurated by Mrs. Marsh's cutting an exquisite lily from its stem and carrying it to a poor, friendless woman, who lay on a bed of suffering near by. Not long after this Mrs. Marsh was called away to the land

"Where everlasting spring abides
And never-fading flowers."

But she had taken the initiatory steps in a charity which has carried cheer and comfort to the bedsides of thousands of weary sufferers and led many to higher, purer lives.

The beginning was small; the ladies cut blossoms from their little gardens and brought them to the dining-room of one of their members, and there made up the bouquets and decided on their destination.

It was their first thought to dispense with all formality; to have an association simply bound together by love for each other and for the work, without constitution or by-laws, without officers and without fees. A few meetings proved that on this basis alone we would soon be without an association. For, with even the lovely flowers for material, it was impossible to do effective work, with even a small number of people, without system and organization.

A few simple rules were made, officers elected, and, the women all over the city becoming interested, a division of the field was made. Churches of all denominations are equally on the Board, in order to promote interest in every direction; but all are welcome, with or without creed, who come with a desire to lighten the burden of suffering humanity and to let the light into dark places.

Some incidents, in illustration of our work, will doubtless prove the strongest argument I can bring to persuade others, not heretofore practically interested, to join in this flower service. The following was told me by a teacher in charge of a free kindergarten in one of the worst districts of the city: One morning, just before the opening of school, a poor little dirty, unkempt waif came rushing to her side, clutching something, under her apron, and crying, "Oh, don't let the boys get it. I found it; it's mine, and it's so pretty." Kindly reassuring the child, the teacher asked to see her treasure and—what do you think it was? A cluster of celery leaves, taken from a garbage heap. Imagine the pleasure given to a room full of such children by a visit from a "Flower lady," with a basket full of sweet little bouquets, one for each.

In our experience in hospital wards, so many memories fraught with interest and pathos come to me that I scarcely know which to give. In one a man lay very ill this summer. Each week he watched for the coming of his flowers, and expressed the greatest gratitude to the giver. One Tuesday he said, "I think I shall not be here when you come again." But with words of cheer the lady left him, and the next week came as usual, when the nurse in charge told her that the man had died the day before. Just before his life went out he said to her: "Tomorrow will be Tuesday. Ask the good

lady to leave my flowers for me." And so they were placed in the lifeless hand.

A young friendless girl, very ill in one of our hospitals, eagerly grasped the sweet flowers and pressed them to her fevered lips, saying, "Oh, I know them all and love them so; it is like being at home again to have them." Before another week had gone she was dead. The nurse said she kept the flowers constantly with her, kissing them and talking to them, and asked to have them placed in her coffin, while over and over she thanked the lady who had brought them, for her kind words as well as the flowers.

A long array of pallid faces lighted by smiles, as the poor white hands tenderly take the fresh, sweet flowers, rises before me, and one, too weak to speak aloud, whispers: "They always preach to me such a good sermon."

And the little sick children. All of us, mothers, know how tenderly our little ones are cherished when they are ill; how the door bell is muffled, and each member of the household goes softly about with low-toned voice because the baby is sick. Think, then, of the Children's Ward in our hospitals, and do not say that the bunch of pansies, or sweet peas, or carnations which cause the poor tired child to cease its fretful moan and go to sleep (as we have seen them with the "pretty flower" in the little wasted hand) is of no account.

I think the picture of a long line of weary workers filing out of the "Boston Store" at night, each taking from the hand of the Flower Missionary a bunch of bright fragrant blossoms to carry to their oft-times garret homes, must be pleasing to the angels.

It is not long since a letter was sent to be read in our mission, written by a man who is serving out life sentence in the prison of a neighboring state. It tells how a Christmas letter and a little bunch of flowers saved him from despair and made a new man of him; and how he is now humbly striving to do missionary work among his associates.

Another prison incident was with a woman, and, oh, such a sad illustration of what a woman may become under the domination of evil. She took her bunch of flowers from me in a cold, listless manner, turning away and simply saying, "Thank you." But as she held them to her face, she exclaimed, "My God, here's sweet briar, just like that down by the well at home." Then came a perfect tempest of sobbing and weeping and self-accusations, and I was glad to be there to try and give her courage and hope.

Perhaps it was all in vain; but I cannot think so, though a prominent daily paper next morning, in noticing our visit to the jail, alluded to it as "sickly sentimentality."

Let us now leave this grewsome place and go to the home where seventy-five old ladies are spending the evening of their lives. If it is our first visit of the season we find them with expectant faces, and from more than one we hear, "We've been looking for you quite a spell, for we knew it was time for the laylocks!" And how glad the dear old souls are to see us, and how much they have to tell us of the winter's experience.

There are so many more hands outstretched for flowers than we can supply. There are so many flowers whose beauty and sweetness perish in the gardens of our village homes. Will not all who read this bear these facts in mind and do their part to increase the power and usefulness of this sweet charity?

We rejoice in the thought of a Federation of Flower Missions through which, by an interchange of ideas, we may all derive benefit.—Mrs. Frederick Dickinson in *The Altruist Interchange*.

Church-Door Pulpit

The Need and Scope of "A Civic Federation."

EXTRACTS FROM A DISCOURSE DELIVERED BY EMIL G. HIRSCH, PH. D., TO SINAI CONGREGATION, CHICAGO.

No trial, however severe, but has some compensation. The popular proverb expresses this thought in the familiar phrase, that there is no cloud but has its silver lining. In fact, we need but open our eyes, whenever fate has laid a heavy hand on us, and read the signs presented by the decree correctly and calmly, to be assured that every ill is a blessing in disguise. Those, of course, that measure things by the yard-stick of selfishness and have no thought beyond their own little comfort or discomfort, their own success or failure, will never be able to decipher the runic inscription in the book of life, which often, under the form of a trial, teaches a lesson of highest and noblest triumph. But men who scale those heights where self and selfishness sink out of sight, will experience but little trouble in familiarizing themselves with this alphabet in which life loves to write out its great message. Certain it is, that we as a nation or as a community, just now passing through the severe school of financial, commercial and industrial depression, have learned, or are learning, or ought to learn this great truth, that there is some compensation for all the worry, the trouble, the tribulation that besets us. We certainly have learned this one thing, if nothing further, that after all, we are a community; not merely a band of men come together at haphazard, with no higher duty than each one to look out for himself and let the devil take the hindmost, having no other obligation but each to make the most of his opportunities. If one thing has been emphasized more than another, and perhaps more severely, it is this: that no one can boast of his independence. We are but links in a chain; we scarcely control the movements of that chain. Our strength is measured by the power of resistance of the chain, and this, as mathematicians will understand, is always expressed by the equation, not of the strongest link, but of the weakest. The weakest in the community affects for good or evil, for better or for worse, for woe or for weal, the standing of the strongest.

This lesson we have learned. The cry of distress fills the streets of our city; human sympathy is stirred to the quick; hands by the thousands are lifted to give aid to brother or sister fallen into destitution. Is it merely the assertion of a humanity that is as broad as God's earth which comes to light in this wonderful readiness to aid and to rescue? The reasoning ones have their doubt as to the universal character or the universal scope of this wonderful sympathy. We all know we must take care of our own; those beyond the lines of our own community cannot at a day like this pretend to have claims upon us. Thus, even in this sympathy, comes to light the thought that people who live at a certain point on earth are differentiated by their geographical position from all other people; that the city, for instance, is not merely a conglomeration of individuals or of houses, is not merely a vast field for commercial enterprise, for robbery, and for God knows what else—but is, as it were, the homestead of a family. Whoever belongs to the city has obligations to all others that happen to live there; as in turn each one in the city has again claims upon the others, his co-members in the same city

community. These hard times have pressed into the foreground this thought, as the good times never did; and this is their compensation throughout the whole land. There is no community on this side of the Atlantic Ocean within the territory of the United States, but has felt and has been made to feel the solidarity which goes with citizenship or residenceship in the city.

The civic life, therefore, has profited immensely in consequence of the trials, while perhaps the commercial and industrial enterprises have correspondingly suffered. But this fruit of severe trials must not now be allowed to rot and waste. Here is a promise of better things to be garnered in days of joy; here perhaps, if we so will, will be made true the prediction of the psalm, that those that sow in tears will reap in joy. The times are ripe for a stupendous change in the attitude toward municipal life taken by this American people. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and larger or smaller communities throughout the breadth and the length of the land have had their eyes at last opened to this stupendous fact, that our city life is not what it might and should be, and that at present there is no more urgent duty incumbent upon the people of this land, than to recast their city institutions and their city life into a mold expressive of the consciousness which these sad hard times have awakened,—that a city is a large family based upon reciprocity of duties and rights.

But is this a religious question? Methinks I hear this demurrer coming from the wise-acre who always understands what religion is, and as regularly neglects it. Some of us who are devoted students of every phenomenon in the religious world, envy so many men's certainty as to what is comprised in the term religion. Why hath God withheld from us this surety and this assurance of where the field of religion begins and where it ends? But perhaps—though his superior wisdom and his deeper piety must humbly be acknowledged—for once this man who objects that this is a political question and not a religious issue, may be mistaken. For he falls into the mistake which all commit who despise the near at hand as prosy, as without mystery and void of reverence, while seeking for the wonderful, the impressive in the far-off distances of the sky. Every little grain of sand which we tread under foot is illustration of the law of cosmical changes brought to our knowledge by the configuration of the largest planet plowing the depths of celestial space. Every blade of grass plucked carelessly and thrown aside, is an epitome of the book of nature as comprehensive and succinct as is the giant oak in the primeval forest.

And this applies also to the world of religious thought and religious action. When we say religion, we have in our mind, generally, something misty and mysterious, something anchored in the clouds, probably rooted into the life to come. When we say ethical, again there must be something distant, unreal, far-off, vapor-like, nebula-like, a rainbow colored bubble floating in space somewhere. Religion and ethics may be in the chaotic worlds beyond our ken; but whether they be there or not, this ought to be our conviction, they are here and now. The religious issue is pointed by every word that we speak, by every action that we do, by every contract that we enter into, by every transaction to which we are a party. Religion is not merely here contained by these walls, folded in by this roof; not spelled by the "awe," as one of my colleagues expressed it, circling around this wooden stand, the pulpit. Not alone in the mysterious ceremonies or symbols which perhaps we practice or

neglect, is the exclusive seat of religious authority or the restricted source of religious inspiration. I have often thought that there is less religion in the temple than anywhere else. If we have no more religion than the cubic contents of a temple represent, we are indeed paupers as far as our religion is concerned. True religion spans the world, is in everything, must be in everything; nay, *it is everything or it is nothing*. There is no other alternative; either all or nothing. And so it is with ethics; either it is in every breath movement, in every stir of the heart, in every jerk of the hand, in every lifted foot, and in every step we take, or it is merely an empty sound standing for nothing, a nut made of shell without kernel and sweet meat within.

And so this is, if ever there was one, a religious question. None more important than the inquiry, What are our relations to the community? What is to us the community in which we live? We are a young country, in more than one sense of the word. In old historic communities the sense of "belongingness" is strongly developed. There is sturdy pride ringing through the answer of one in ancient communities, asked, Where is thy home? for when he mentions the name where his cradle stood and where in all probability his life has been spent, his heart swells; for ancient communities are not, as are naturally and necessarily their younger sisters, made up of elements come together by chance from the four quarters of the globe. Behind these old cities in Germany, for instance, lies a great and glorious past, full of the experience and replete with the story and song of heroism, of dangers endured, and of difficulties conquered. Each "citizen" feels the responsibility and the prerogative which are his by the decree of his birth. New communities lack this historically produced consciousness of solidarity. What is the past of our most ancient cities? At best, two or three centuries. Rome looks down upon a record counting twenty-five centuries. The Roman today feels that he is the descendant of the patrician and the plebeian who laid the foundation walls, perhaps, of the Capitol or the Quirinal. We have not and cannot have such pride of historical solidarity. During the period of physical development the individual has largely only physical needs and physical wants. The babe's whole business consists in eating, drinking and sleeping. As we develop, we pass from the mere physical gradually to the spiritual. So it is with young communities; the first want and need is exclusively material. The city is looked upon as the opportunity to make fortunes. It is this material ambition which characterizes young cities. Ours is a typical illustration of this. We are drawn to these young cities by the promise of amassing wealth. Large cities act as beacon-lights attracting the migratory birds. From every nook and corner of the world do they come who have heard of the fame of Chicago. Chicago for them is opportunity for making money; this and this alone.

But we have passed this period of infantile material wants and necessities. Chicago is no longer symbol for us of the opportunity for making money. It now signifies something more; the Chicagoan must feel that the life which is represented by the name of his city, is spun of tenderer, of nobler threads and fibers than the idea would suggest, which he has harbored so long, that this city is for him merely the stepping-stone to fortune, to ease, to enjoyment. We have reached a new stage in our development, and with it is born the duty involved in this awakening consciousness. There is proposed, in this city, to organize what is technically called, "A

Civic Federation." The title conveys but faintly the ideas which actuate those that would lead this new departure in our civic life. The federation is the outgrowth of the awakened consciousness, assertive especially along philanthropic lines just now, that we, the million and a half, and perhaps more, who are geographically located in what is designated officially as this city, are not merely here by accident, and under the thin coherence due to material interests; but that we are here a community, held together by common material, certainly, but also by common ethical, common spiritual interests. The civic federation is most needed in a young city like this, which receives additions to the population, not merely and not mostly in accordance with the laws of natural growth, but in accordance with those of migratory increment.

In a city like this, the first duty which arises is to awaken, to stimulate, to foster, to guard the consciousness of solidarity. How is this possible, as we have proceeded hitherto? The only meeting-grounds which we had were perhaps the few political issues which called us together, and even when the trumpet-call sounded we were divided according to the cleavage of national and state political problems. We have not as yet sought the common meeting-ground where Chicagoan, as such, could meet Chicagoan. Perhaps in business differentiating lines were obliterated. For business men, under the magnet of material interest, are easily and frequently brought together. But outside of business there are so many things that divide us and split us up. Look at religion, for instance. Adherents of the religious sects come together as such; they have their little petty interests in common; these they cultivate. Again, there is the racial sentiment, that breaks us up into little cliques; there are the social circles, that include their own set, but exclude all others. This disintegration into little religious, political, social and racial fragments is exceedingly unpropitious for the development of the consciousness of a common solidarity. All these prejudices and dividing tendencies must be counteracted. In the communities of Europe these tendencies do not exist. Take the largest cities of Europe with an historical background—this excludes, of course, Berlin, for Berlin is virtually a modern city, and has to contend with all the difficulties that beset our own—and you will find that such differentiating agencies are not half as virulent and as severe as they are among us. We must counteract them. But how? By calling into life organizations in which to meet, not as members of this church, nor as children of this race, not as belonging to this social set, not as engaged in a certain profession or business, but as men and women vitally interested in the development of the city's spirituality, anxious to consult those actuated by the same ambition.

The need of this common meeting-ground is apparent. The Civic Federation intends primarily to bring about a commingling of citizens of all classes and of all cliques under the one prime idea, the civic welfare and prosperity of the city, expressive of the solidarity of this community, no longer an accidental aggregation of individuals brought together by chance and under the lash of physical necessity, and goaded on by the thirst for fame or the hunger for material fortune. But even this is merely preparatory. There are other things to be done if we wish to carry out that which is involved in the notion of a city as a community, a family. The city must be administered. The city is a vast business corporation, the like of which cannot easily be found. The trans-

actions of all corporations, the national banks, the great industrial enterprises, the commercial corporations, all combined in this city, will not make as much of a business concern as is represented by the business interests of the city of Chicago as a distinct administration. In this great civic corporation, each citizen is, as it were, a stockholder, always interested in the careful, economic administration of its affairs. As a matter of theory, we all subscribe to this doctrine. In spasmodic and intermittent efforts at reform, the newspapers and the men on the political stump will sound the same doctrine. But forever and ever, notwithstanding these occasional efforts at betterment, the national and state political issues and antipathies intervene between the idea and its realization. Men of common sense will vow there is no connection between the sweeping of our streets and the perplexities of the tariff for revenue or a national fiscal policy with a view to protection. But when the decisive time comes, we forget our good intentions; it is the partisan that goes to the polls, even when the city's fate is to be decided. It is not the citizen of Chicago, but it is the citizen of the United States or the citizen of the state of Illinois, that makes his influence felt in the administration of a business corporation, independent as such from national or state politics. Of course it is easy to see why even the best of us are unable to remain true to this sober and sensible idea: we lack organization. In order to make one's self felt in a community it is necessary that one act with others. The individual is lost in the mass, just as the individual globule of water is lost sight of in the very wave which it helps to form. We need organization in order to become effective. It is this that has never yet been provided. In times of political excitement, indeed, there spring up citizen's movements; but these are largely the work of men somewhat cranky on one thing or another, and on the spur of the moment they cannot win the confidence of those that otherwise would be ready to join forces with them.

The sentiment of absolute separation of city administration from party politics must be cultivated, and an organization must be formed in order to make it practically effective. In every large city in this land, the movement is apparently gaining strength. In every city in this country the principle of absolute separation of the city affairs from the issues involved in state and national politics must be established. But mere separation is not yet sufficient. An organization provided for this purpose may itself again lapse into a political machine, as dangerous as any other political machine, unless the citizens at large be trained and be thoroughly educated in those things which concern the citizen as such. We Americans are under the spell of the old conceit, that common sense is all that is necessary for a man to have to understand everything. This "common sense" philosophy is the painful legacy left to us by the thinkers of the eighteenth century. Today common sense is the condition, but merely the condition. Of course where common sense is lacking, there is very little prospect for instruction, training and education. Idiots belong to the asylum for idiots, and feeble-minded men and women belong to special institutions. But common sense alone is insufficient to grasp the great questions involved in every civic administration. Hence, there must be education, a course of training provided for each citizen, and that under the direction of men who have made this or that department their special study. The Civic Federation planted on the idea that we are a community, and that as a community we have certain duties

and certain privileges, that as a community we are distinct from national issues and national politics, would do its work but half if it were to stop here. It must provide not only the organization, but also opportunities for instruction, for debate, for inquiry, for investigation. There are, to mention a few, the great questions of taxation of privileges, of how far the city as an organization shall become a partner, as it were, of other business corporations; whether it shall be the owner of its own gas works or of its own electric light plant; how far shall the city be in control of the facilities of transportation? These are social economic issues; can we decide them off-handedly without study and investigation?

The first impression may perhaps be the most erroneous. No one who has not studied these great issues carefully is competent to speak on them. But the Civic Federation intends to carry information into every household; it wishes to lay bare the perplexities of our public administration. To know them is the duty of every citizen. Shall he be indifferent to such questions as these: Is his home, his city, what it should be; and has he done for the city what he might and what he should do? Even with this the work of the Civic Federation is not ended. The cause of education, too, must be under the watchful, fostering care of the members of the community. We are our brother's keeper; we are the guardians of the little children. It is not unqualifiedly true, as it was sounded two years ago for political effect, and again in the last national campaign, that the child and the parent have certain rights with which the community cannot interfere. Yea, the child has certain rights, and to provide for these rights is a duty. The community has the obligation to see to it that none of its children shall grow up to manhood or womanhood with insufficient education. Education under the control of political ward hucksters cannot be such as to fit the child for the conflicts and the obligations of life. We must have the best methods in education. If the science of education has advanced elsewhere, the American public school system must yield to the better understanding spread abroad, that with an opportunity for the best the best shall be also attained. This cannot be done unless every citizen in the community is trained to understand the difference between education and mere tricks and the knowledge of certain rules and the imparting as though through a funnel of certain facts. The whole profession of teaching must be placed on a different basis, so that one who is once a teacher may always, if he so chooses, be a teacher. As in the city administration there should be city clerks, experts, not mere ward and political heelers, so in the public schools teachers should know that if they are faithful their post is their own as long as they wish to keep it.

May I bespeak for the new movement your kind interest. What would be our religion, unless such appeal found a voice in halls devoted to liberal thought on religion and ethics? Undoubtedly, there are some in this organization who differ widely from us. But our liberal views cannot be carried out by the mere preaching that this world and its affairs must be rendered divine. We must show that we are ready to move hands, and to do that which our view of life convinces us is right. A city is a family, each one owing something to all others and all others owing something to each one. We must bring this sentiment to flower in this community. The social and sectarian barriers must disappear, and party cliques be lost sight of. The life of this city must be placed on the highest possible plane; we

want to arouse the civic consciousness, and none that is truly religious can afford to lag behind when the trumpet calls. If I know you correctly, there will be none so eager as those of our congregation, who understand what liberal religion, liberal Judaism means. Not of God and of world to come is our message, but of man and this life is our anxiety. By helping man in this life we are true unto God; and whatever life to come may have, a life worthily lived here, in all of its ramifications, is the best preparation for the glory which is to come; yea, for that higher life which will dawn when this life is no more. The Civic Federation is the execution of the prophet's injunction: "Pray ye for the welfare of the city in which you dwell, for in its peace you will find peace." Amen.

The Home

Helps to High Living.

- Sun.**—The simplest person who in his integrity worships God, becomes God.
Mon.—Self-trust is the essence of heroism.
Tues.—Discontent is the want of self-reliance, it is infirmity of will.
Wed.—Our spontaneous action is always the best.
Thurs.—The great facts are the near ones.
Fri.—We owe to man higher succors than food and fire. We owe to man man.
Sat.—It is the depth at which we live, and not at all the surface extension, that imports.

R. W. Emerson.

A Night in July.

Republished from the *Cleveland Leader* by request.

Black is the sullen sky,
 Scorched seems the stifling air,
 Dusty, oppressive, dry,
 No moisture anywhere.
 Sleepless, weary, and worn,
 Too hopeless e'en to weep,
 Mothers with moaning babes
 Their anxious vigils keep.
 In swarming tenements,
 Sad homes of wretched poor,
 A grim, unwelcome guest,
 Death, opens wide the door.
 Sternly he strides about,
 And soon his work is done;
 As little lives go out
 Suddenly, one by one.
 Poisoned by impure milk,
 Gasping for fresher air,
 These fragile flow'rets droop,
 That need such tender care.
 Still speeds the slaughter on.
 A few more babes or less,
 Pallid and pinched and wan;
 Only a tiny tress—
 To show that once hath lived
 And suffered, all in vain,
 A patient little form,
 Crushed by earth's load of pain.
 Matters a life or two;
 Even a score or more?
 Why make so much ado?
 The mother's heart is sore.
 Ah! can we call ourselves
 Compassionate or kind
 While scenes like these go on
 And we seem not to mind?
 Who knows what germs of good
 In this frail form lie hid?
 What flashing eloquence
 Beneath that closed lid?
 What poet or what sage
 Might speak from these mute lips?
 How benefit the world
 Those folded finger tips?

Sisters, be ours the shame
 That thus should droop and pine
 These lives so wonderful,
 So complex and divine.

Mary R. Haymes.

One of Chicago's Business Men.

A SKETCH BY OLIVER MUSICK.

In the art-school of one of our large cities, a prize was offered recently for the best sketch "containing some fresh idea far removed from the commonplace." The winner of this prize had brought in a sketch representing the twelve apostles, who, having hung their halos upon a nail in the wall, were preparing to seat themselves before a popular lunch-counter.

"Well," said one who heard of this incident, "I could have won that prize if I could have made a life-like sketch of my hero; for those from above whose heads no hands are strong enough to remove the halo, or quench the light composed of deeds done in the body, are much farther removed from the commonplace than those who can even in fancy hang up their halos! My hero wears unconsciously a halo made of tears dried, pain relieved, strength given through a bestowal of fresh trust, and the arousing of hope in the weary-hearted, which for various reasons has lain too long dormant. Do you think death even can rob him, for a time, of such light as this?"

"Ah," he added musingly, "I wish you knew my hero. He is a hater of shams and everything false, a friend in the noblest sense of that abused word, a better acquaintance than most persons are friends, even where great devotion is expressed, a man never to be forgotten by any who have known him." "Yes," he continued, "in homes where pecuniary loss has come and well-nigh crushed out the life of some of the best things we can any of us know, help has been given so quietly and nobly that before the world commented on that loss, brightness stood in the place of gloom, courage and activity where distrust and the shadow of despair had shown the outline of their horrible faces. That's the work of my hero!"

"In paths of darkness, too, from whence echo the cries of so many who are more weak than wicked, more sinned against than sinning, light has been sent with words of cheer, and a presence of power—because of its forgetfulness of self—felt that lifted into the sunlight some of those most cast down! Here and there orphan girls have been educated; a hitherto neglected boy given opportunities for becoming self-supporting; a crushing burden lifted from the heart and head of a weary woman, a criminal made a man of—all by the quiet work of my hero!"

"Is he a minister in charge of one of our city churches," I asked?

"Well, he was intended for a minister once," he replied, "but no pulpit was found sufficiently large to hold him. As soon as he became old enough to take his own measure, he realized this, tho' no one could advance in years and remain more entirely unconscious of the grandeur of his own nature than he has. Perhaps his best possessions are an ability to feel keenly for others, a generosity of disposition, and a power for doing magnificent things in magnificent ways such as I believe to be simply unparalleled."

"Does the great world honor him?"

"No, because the great world does not know him; yet a world of hearts praises him. He is public spirited—one of Chicago's prominent men, but he has too great a hankering after the best that life has to give to reach

out in earnest for any public position. In his own world, that made up of old, middle-aged and young, of the learned and the ignorant, the rich and poor, he is a king and the hearts of these are his throne."

"Has he always walked on velvet?"

"No; he has made his own way, as the saying goes, known toil and ease, made use of all the pleasures and cares which life has brought to him without complaint and with a very noble philosophy; and he is busy now making out of the ruins of some shattered plans and thwarted schemes, a staff of power with which he will mount to even greater heights than any yet attained."

"Who may he be called?"

"A business man of Chicago."

Eating Before Sleeping.

Many persons, says Dr. W. T. Cathell (*Maryland Medical Journal*), though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet. Physiology teaches that in the body there is perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is therefore logical to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those who are below par, if we would counteract their emaciation and lower degree of vitality; and as bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation, and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed, and increased weight and improved general vigor are the results.

Variation of Form in Bacteria.

Some of the curious variations of form and properties that take place in bacteria without apparent reason, have already been noticed in these columns. Noteworthy among these are increase and decrease of virulence so that it seems possible that the bacilli of an infectious disease may develop from forms usually supposed to be harmless. A recent German investigation described in *Nature*, June 21, seems to prove beyond doubt that some species of bacteria present entirely different forms under different conditions. The writers conclude that such signs of polymorphy cannot be ignored, and that it is wrong to devote attention only to the common or so-called normal forms described in text-books, passing over the others as abnormal. It is now impossible to deny, for instance, that the *cholera spirillum* may have developed from a bacterium to which it has no morphological resemblance.—*Literary Digest*.

A UNIQUE strike occurred lately at Lisbon Complaints having been made that the bread sold by the bakeries weighed less than the stamps indicated, the authorities required the master-bakers to deposit a certain sum as a guarantee for their fulfilling the city ordinance. Upon this the journeymen-bakers went on a "strike," presumably to assist the masters. The authorities at once sent soldiers to the bakeries to provide the bread necessary for one day. The striking bakers were then arrested and compelled to return to their shops. *The loaves turned out by the military are said to have been sufficiently heavy*—*Literary Digest*.

UNITY

A Journal of Religion.

Non-Sectarian Liberal Constructive

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Notes from the Field

THE COMMITTEE ON FELLOWSHIP OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

Mr. Ernest L. Staples, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry; and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches.

W. L. CHAFFIN, Chairman.

D. W. MOREHOUSE, Secretary.

New York, Aug. 2, 1894.

Correspondence

The following letter, though addressed to the editor of UNITY, is too good to be kept for private uses only.

J. L. L. J.

FROM A HILL-TOP WHOSE BEAUTIFUL MISTRESS REFUSES TO SPELL IT WITH A CAPITAL LETTER.

DEAR MR. JONES: Because I am visiting friends of your's on this New Hampshire hill-top, am I not in duty bound to write you a letter from its height?

Four hours from Boston and the station is called. After the odd fashion prevalent here it has one name—Madison—the post-office another—Silver Lake—and after all what is any of it but Chocorna, when once his beautiful form is seen! Four hours on a hot day and then three miles of enchantment over a country road with occasional views, but usually with the woods close to the roadside and the road itself a track for each wheel and one for the horse—the rest grass, and that infinite variety of wild beauty that thrifty people persist in calling weeds. So we drove on, brown Maggie stopping to rest at her own sweet will, and we too, nothing

loth, chatting away, with every moment bringing peace and sweet contentment. And the birds! the woods were full of them! Twilight drew near and the warm earth greeted it with an open casket of perfumes. The odors were as many as the songs, with sweet fern waving its censer at frequent intervals. Finally we came up, up, up to the hill-top farm that Mr. Frank Bolles, in his charming book, "At the North of Bearcamp Water," compares to a shining brass button. And a beauty it is, with such a view as one may travel far to find! Over the farms and forests away against the horizon is linked a chain of mountains, purple, blue or gray, according to the day and hour; and the nearer mountains and hills curve toward us, dotted with farm houses; while nestling in their own fair cradles are Silver Lake and beautiful Ossipee. Nearer still lie forests of birch, oak, pine, spruce, fir and all the hardy trees that love the hills. Can you see the picture? Ah, no! not till your eyes have really rested on its beauty!

Climb again back to the barn (there's a secret about the barn, hidden steps and a study with a view!) and you come to granite boulders; mount them and new wonders are revealed. There lies Whitton Pond, a little inland sea with its miniature islands and peninsula, the mountains rising beyond, so that, sitting here on the highest rock, I am on a granite throne with mountains encircling the horizon.

I do not care for a little mist, do you? It frames the hills in a soft, gray haze and the lovely clouds float down and drape their misty veils across the trees. What heavenly stillness! The cows browse and chew their cuds, and the birds! there is here never an hour of daylight, twilight or dawn when they do not sing.

The mist grows moist! Farewell, Whitton Pond! But greet Chocorna high to the right as we descend! Wait a moment! Do you see the place where the stones have fallen from the wall? Step over and a few rods will bring you to the most enchanting of hammocks swung under low branching pine trees. There you may lie on a summer day with the sun filtering softly through the clusters of green pine needles, with the brown pine carpet below, and with the exquisite fragrance of pines spilled in the air. And the chipmunks will gaze at you with wise eyes, the crickets will chirp, the birds will fly near and sing, and you may look out as you swing, far away over the mountains and lakes, and dream that you are in paradise.

Even the abandoned farms whose pathetic decay is the one sad feature of the beautiful roads in this neighborhood, are not seen from this hill-top. When you drive up here you lose the road and come over the green grass. And such delightful aloneness I am sure is only here; for we are three miles from everywhere and the hill-top belongs to itself and leads to nowhere.

Will you have a reminiscence as my goodbye word? Here it is.

SHELLING PEASE.

The pleasantest work I know in life

Is just to sit at ease,

On steps within a doorway's frame,
Alone and shelling pease.

One need not look into the dish,

To snap and empty pods,

When just outside the door is spread
A landscape for the gods.

Across the farms and open fields,

Above the green of pines,

A mountain chain draws out its links
In beauty's waving lines.

And nestling in the curves there lies

A blue and silver sea,

While in a dimple just beyond
Smiles lovely Ossipee.

Above the clouds of fleecy white,
Above the mountains high,
The sunshine sets his golden seal
Upon the lakes and sky.

Oh! who would reign upon a throne,
A captious throng to please,
If he could in this doorway sit
Alone and shelling pease?

So endeth my letter from the hill-top.

Ever truly yours,

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY.

Art in the School-room.

DEAR UNITY: I rejoice in the word from F. G. B. (in UNITY, July 26) on the subject of Pictures in School-rooms.

We all do what we can to make our homes beautiful; some of us, more than is in good taste. How many waking hours do our children spend in our parlors, where, alas! our choicest household objects of art are kept; and yet how many of us ever actually give to our children's school-room—for him and his companions and their successors to enjoy—the inexpensive and beautiful gift your writer suggests. We often embarrass the teacher by a personal present at Christmas. This year let us plan for her pleasures and the children's by putting a treasure on the school-room wall.

St. Louis, Mo.

C. G. C.

Memorial Chairs.

DEAR UNITY: Some of your readers who are building new churches may be interested in a plan devised by the chairman of our seating committee for securing better chairs than we had thought possible for the People's Church, and at the same time inaugurating a memorial feature that has met with grateful acceptance by our people. Among the many chairs submitted for our inspection there was one built of oak and leather-upholstered, which was far more handsome and desirable than any of the others; but to purchase this we must exceed our appropriation by about five hundred dollars. Our chairman suggested that if we could sell one hundred memorial chairs at five dollars apiece (about the actual cost of the chair) this would make up the difference. The plan was adopted, and we have already sold sixty-two—rather, they have sold themselves with almost no effort on our part—and we expect to easily dispose of the whole hundred.

It is understood that the chair itself is not sold, as we are to have nothing but free seats. What the person gets for his five dollars is the privilege of perpetually offering the hospitality of the People's Church in behalf of any deceased relative or friend whose

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name he may have engraved upon a plate and attached to the chair. So many persons have seemed grateful for the opportunity. To give a memorial window is not within the means of many; but they can at least offer a hospitable chair in the name of one gone—and to me the memorial is quite as fitting.

The name, with date of birth and death, is to be not too conspicuously placed upon the back of the chair, and the memorial chairs will be scattered among the others. Among the names to be placed on the chairs are those of friends who served the old church faithfully and departed with its blessing; names of little children long since dead who never knew our church, but whose parents love it now, and the name of at least one young lad whose parents, living in Iowa, never saw our church or town. But they believe in a "People's Church" and wish to thus receive one person each Sunday in their boy's name.

C. J. B.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

In the Last Ditch.

EDITOR UNITY: There are many amusing incidents in the theological world. Not least among the number are the many arguments against Higher Criticism. Rev. H. L. Hastings, who has become conspicuous for his arbitrary methods of defending an obsolete system of thought, not very long ago, answered the higher critics effectively (?) in a short tract!! He is not a Semitic scholar at all; but that doesn't matter! He knows infidelity when he sees it, and he knows that he knows, and that ends the matter. More recently, in his Anti-Infidel Library he has a tract on the "Moral Aspects of the Higher Criticism."

It is excessively immoral! At a meeting of the Missionverein, where such great scholars as Lipsius, Hilgenfeld, Pfeleiderer and the venerable Grimm met to discuss missions, they drank beer and smoked cigars!!!

Of course they drank beer because they were higher critics! Of course beer-drinking, in Germany, to them is as harmless as our drinking of buttermilk and lemonade! Beside it, false judgment, perversion of facts, the spirit of inquisitorial interference are quite harmless!!

When a cause is reduced to such straits, it is in the last ditch, and cannot maintain itself much longer.

J. N. CALDWELL.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Study Table

FROM EARTH'S CENTER: A POLAR GATEWAY MESSAGE. By S. Byron Welcome. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 8 vo, pp. 274; 25 cents.

Three enterprising friends fit out an expedition to the North Pole, and when they get pretty near it they are carried by a strong current inside the earth, and on the inner surface find a highly civilized people. The way in which these inner regions are lighted and rendered habitable is quite ingeniously imagined, but all this and the love story are secondary to the purpose of the book, which is to set forth the perfection of a social system which consistently carries out the *laissez faire* theory of government. The individualism of Herbert Spencer is here carried to an extent never pictured by that apostle of governmental non-interference, but the competitive industrial system thus portrayed is based upon and made possible by the adoption of the *single tax* proposed by Henry George. This combination of theories is the more interesting from the fact that Spencer now repudiates George's theory, although it is based in part upon his own earlier writings. In the book one meets an amusing inconsistency now and then, as where the author sets forth the right-

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XXIV. What is Hypocrisy?	LIV. Human Rights: or the Equality of Man.
XXV. Conscience, or Moral Sense.	LV. Moral Cleanliness.
XXVI. Selfishness, the Menace of Society.	LVI. Politeness, The Gentleman.
XXVII. Gratitude, a Fragrant Flower of Life.	LVII. Politeness—continued—The Gentlewoman.
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ous indignation with which the people had "snowed under" a man who ventured to be a candidate for the council of administration, and who, as they learned, had some years before been guilty of some sharp practice at the expense of his partner; after which, two or three pages further on, we are told that criminality is merely mental disease, and that these enlightened people "would no more think of punishing a poor, helpless, unfortunate victim of mental disease than a victim of some physical disease," and that "after the patients with diseased minds recover sufficiently to conduct themselves in a rational manner," they are treated as well as the rest of the community. But with all its crudeness, students of social science will find the book of interest. The three principal ideas are *laissez faire*, the single tax, and irredeemable paper money; but the defense of the last two is not as full as is that of the first; and this probably because the writer was so sure of the *second* that he could hardly realize the various questions which might arise in the minds of those not yet converted, and because, as to the *third*, he had not worked the matter out very far in his own mind.

F. W. S.

HANNIBAL AND KATHARNA. A Drama in Five By Lieut. Col. Fife Cookson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1893. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 190: \$1.25.

This is a finely printed book in which the writer has attempted to carry us back into the time of the Punic War, midst scenes of blood and passion connected with the great names of Hannibal and Scipio. The lines are constructed with care, but they do not sing with music nor shine with flashes of quickening thought. The attempt at historic reproduction cannot be called very successful; the past does not live and glow in its own light, while the thought of the author is not fully embodied in ancient symbols and manners. Some of the incidents, like that of the minstrel and caged feathered songster, are pleasingly managed (p. 164), while the act of Sophonisba in sacrificing herself for her husband is described with dignity. But there is little here to detain those who seek vivid romance, or charm those who love melodious verse.

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in Asia. . . . Yet the Christ that has been
brought to us in India is an Englishman, with
English manners and customs about him and
with the temper and spirit of an Englishman
in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people
shrink back. . . . Go to the rising sun in
the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if
you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his
glory and in the fullness and freshness of the
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rope we find apostolical Christianity almost
gone; there we find the life of Christ formu-
lated into lifeless forms and antiquated sym-
bols. . . . Look at this picture and that:
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cheer, of hope, of trust, of spiritual assur-
ance and calm. Time does not change the
heart of the man, nor the expression of his
thought. It is the old, quaint Bible sermon
still, full of texts, full of practical hints on
righteousness, full of the winsomeness and
heartiness of the man. Old friends will wel-
come it, and new ones will learn to love it.

H. T. G.

The Magazines.

THE QUARTERLY ILLUSTRATOR (published
by Harry C. Jones, 92 Fifth Avenue, New
York) is one of the most charming publica-
tions that meets our eyes. The number for
the present quarter contains between three
and four hundred illustrations by well-known
artists, all well done, and some of remarkable
beauty, while the accompanying stories,
sketches, criticisms and art-chat are inter-
esting in themselves and in many cases are the
work of distinguished authors.

AMONG the important topics editorially
treated in "The Progress of the World" de-
partment of the *Review of Reviews* for Au-
gust are the recent railroad strike and its re-
sults, the present tariff dead-lock in Congress,
the assassination of President Carnot, the new
President of France, the doings of the Ger-
man Emperor, the veto of the British Peers,
the British budget and the elections, and the
personalities of the late Lord Chief Justice
Coleridge and his successor, Sir Charles Rus-
sell. The full-page portraits of these last
will especially interest American lawyers.

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Superstitions in North Africa.

Although practically all of Egypt and
Northern Africa is nominally Mohammedan,
there nevertheless appear, in different forms,
many superstitions that more properly belong
to the Shamanism of the ancients. One of
the characteristics of Mohammed's conquest
was to form an easy alliance with whatever
could not be expelled. It was so in Mecca,
when veneration of the Kaaba, formerly an
object of idolatrous worship, was ingrafted
upon Islam. It has been so everywhere.

Belief in demons everywhere prevails. The
chief of the demons is "Iblis," or "Shaitan,"
the devil. But he is not the enticer to evil;
he is rather an indescribable monster, who
changes his shape at will, prowls in the dark,
juggles with the light, and lays tribute upon
whomsoever he will. Sometimes he may be
avoided by charms. Sometimes he must be
propitiated, and votive offerings to him are
hung in the branches of the trees.

Associated with belief in "Iblis" and the
demons is belief in innumerable djins or
genii, supposed to be a kind of spirit, pre-
Adamite in origin and intermediate between
angels and men. These djins haunt the
caves and lonely places by the sea and among
the mountains. They are supposed to take
part daily in the affairs of men. So great is
the fear of them that before a bucket is low-
ered into a well or a burden cast upon the
ground permission is usually asked of the
djinn that may be near. The aid of djins is
invoked by the magicians for the performance
of marvels, after the manner of ancient necro-
mancy and modern spiritualism. Some of
these spirits are evil, others good. Not far
below the mission-house in Tangier is a lonely
nook in the sea, supposed to be the haunt of

a good djinn. Moorish women may often be
seen going to this rock when the tide is out,
to carry offerings and seek the aid of the
spirit.

It not infrequently happens that a man or
woman becomes possessed by an evil djinn, or
demon. Then the hakim, or doctor, is usu-
ally summoned, and, by charms and incan-
tations or frequently by beating, the intru-
der is expelled. When a woman of the lower
classes is afflicted with epilepsy or some other
disease the nature of which is not understood,
the sheikh and several women of the village
are called in. She is declared by the sheikh
to be possessed by a djinn. The women beat
the tom-toms and scream and yell for most of
the night. Then the sheikh informs the
woman that it will be necessary for them to
return the next night, and that a sheep must
be provided. The next night the program of
tom-toms and howling is repeated. Finally
the sheep is dressed up as a bride, and the
woman is placed upon its back and com-
pelled to ride about for a while, when the
sheikh pronounces her cured. The sheep is
then killed and dressed, and the company
indulges in a great feast.

The people of Egypt and Barbary firmly
believe that the spirits of the dead return. By
many the prophet is supposed to make
nightly visits, and a kind of aloes, known as
"suburra" (literal meaning "make to con-
tinue"), is hung over the outer doors, that the
prophet, seeing it, will grant his blessing to
the house and cause it to continue. During
at least two of their great feasts (one of them
being Bairam, which follows the feast of
Ramadan) the women, and many of the men
as well, carry offerings of cakes, etc., for the
dead to the cemeteries. This is done in order
to prevent the spirits of the dead from re-
turning to their houses. But these offerings
are not laid upon the graves, as among many
savage tribes, but given to the beggars who
frequent the cemeteries in anticipation of
these gifts. Similar to this is a custom pre-
valent among the Copts, of burning incense
after a funeral to drive the spirit from the
house.

The superstition which, perhaps, exerts the
greatest influence is that of the "Evil Eye."
Certain persons are supposed to possess the
power of producing all manner of physical
injury, even to the causing of death, by a mere
glance of the eye. A mother is in terror if
if you compliment her child, for fear it will
attract the Evil Eye. To lessen the peril,
children of respectable and well-to-do par-
ents are often allowed to go in filth and rags.
To save themselves from the Evil Eye, the peo-
ple resort to various charms. A little silver hand
is laid upon the foreheads of the boy babies at
birth (the girls are not considered as worth sav-
ing). Boys are often seen with little charms
tied to their hair or fastened to their caps.
Women attach charms for the same purpose
to different objects in the house. The little
donkey that I rode in Luxor had three charms
attached to a string about his neck. When
we asked Ahmed, the guide and owner of the
donkey, what they were, he replied promptly
"Texts from the Koran, to keep away the
Evil Eye." We asked him if he wore any
such protection himself, and he answered,
"No, God is best. I do not need to wear
anything against the Evil Eye. People like
you do not need anything to save them from
the Evil Eye. God will take care of us."
Ahmed is far above his fellows both in in-
telligence and character.

Not only the Evil Eye, but other ills of
life are to be warded off by charms. On the
fronts of many houses, particularly in Alexan-
dria, we have seen wooden hands projecting
as a protection against the Evil Eye, and also
as a kind of general guaranty of good fortune.

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American Advertisements.

In the last number of *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*, Leipzig, the painter, Max Seliger, writes an interesting article on American Advertisements and treats the subject from an artist's point of view. He recommends the Germans to imitate the Yankees except where "they ruin the views of the landscape by painting along the railroad tracks, on all fences and rocks, 'Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria,' or where they decorate all walls with 'Hood's Sarsaparilla.'"

He marvels at the ease with which "colossal letters are painted by free hand, without ruler or measure," and is surprised at "the American letter-painter who works negatively, that is, who writes on a light-colored background and afterwards fills in the background with dark colors." He criticises the Germans for their long advertisements, "which nobody has time to read," and recommends "the American method of brevity." He sees much to admire in our "theater-bills; they show consciousness in limitation, simplicity and clearness; powerful contrasts and rich colors on white backgrounds."

Aside from the artist's naïve enumeration of the endless number of American devices to attract attention, it is curious to see such a paper in an art-journal. It proves that American advertisement-methods are utterly foreign to Europe, and that they reveal a new world in art-industry.

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Announcements

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. M. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plummer, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist), R. F. Johnnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington Boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stolz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH Mr. Levi A. Eliel will speak at 11 o'clock Sunday morning on "Education and Heredity."

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